

ENTRAPHEDIA

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF
DAVID BORING

EIGHTBALL

No.20



ADULT READING
FULLY ILLUSTRATED
BY CLIVES



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HULLIGAN'S WHARF





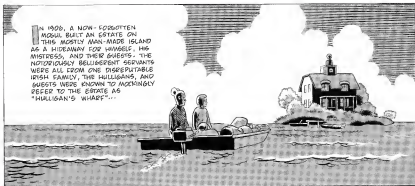
David Boring





ACT TWO

IN 1906, A NOW-FORGOTTEN MOBIL BUILT AN ESTATE ON THIS MOSTLY MAN-MADE ISLAND AS A HIDEAWAY FOR HIMSELF, HIS MISTRESS, AND THEIR GUESTS. THE NOTORIOUSLY BELLIGERENT SERVANTS WERE ALL FROM ONE DISREPUTABLE IRISH FAMILY, THE HULLIGANS, AND GUESTS WERE KNOWN TO MOCKINGLY REFER TO THE ESTATE AS "HULLIGAN'S WHARF"...



IN 1931, MOST OF THE ISLAND SANK INTO THE LAKE, LEAVING ONLY THE SERVANTS' QUARTERS. MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER BOUGHT THE PROPERTY AND ALLOWED THE HULLIGANS TO CONTINUE LIVING THERE, HOSTING VARIOUS GUESTS FROM OUR FAMILY IN THE SUMMER.

WE CAME HERE SEVERAL TIMES WHEN I WAS A KID. MOSTLY IT WAS PRETTY DULL, EXCEPT FOR JULY AND AUGUST OF 1931, ABOUT WHICH MORE LATER.



MR. HULLIGAN IS THE LAST OF HIS FAMILY TO HAVE GROWN UP ON THE ISLAND (THOUGH HE LEFT AT 13, SPENT SOME TIME IN THE MERCHANT NAVY, AND DIDN'T RETURN UNTIL HIS 40'S).



MRS. CARDON IS MY MOTHER'S COUSIN FROM CANADA. I'VE MET HER AND LITTLE IRIS AT VARIOUS FAMILY FUNERALS OVER THE YEARS, AND MAYBE HERE ONCE OR TWICE...



IN KEEPING WITH THE ORIGINAL
DICTATES OF THE ISLAND, NO
COMMUNICATION WITH THE MAIN-
LAND IS ALLOWED. THERE ARE NO
PHONES, RADIOS, ETC., AND ALL
POWER IS SELF-GENERATED.



MR. HULLIGAN GOES FOR SUPPLIES
EVERY 3 OR 4 WEEKS, BUT THERE
IS ENOUGH FOOD IN DRY STORAGE
TO FEED 10 PEOPLE FOR 3 MONTHS.



NOW THAT WE'VE ESTABLISHED OUR SETTING, LET ME TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO
RE-INTRODUCE OUR VARIOUS PLAYERS. STARTING TO MY RIGHT WE HAVE DOT, WHO
YOU KNOW; MRS. CAPON; HER 16-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER IRIS ROLAND (NEE CAPON);
IRIS'S HUSBAND MAN (SHORT FOR MANFRED, HE SAYS); MY MOTHER; AND (STANDING)
HULLIGAN. IF YOU GET CONFUSED, YOU MAY WANT TO REFER BACK TO THIS SCENE.





LATER THAT NIGHT THERE IS A TERRIBLE STORM. THE PAIN-KILLERS HAVE ME VEERING FROM NEAR-UNCONSCIOUSNESS TO A STATE OF LUCID REVELATION IN WHICH IT BECOMES CLEAR THAT WHAT I HAD ONCE THOUGHT WAS A ROMANTIC COMEDY IS ACTUALLY A HORROR STORY, COMPLETE WITH GOTHIC EFFECTS AND BERSER LIGHTING.



APPARENTLY MY MOTHER DROVE STRAIGHT TO THE HOSPITAL WHEN SHE HEARD THE NEWS ABOUT MY SHOOTING.



NOW SHE'S BACK IN CONTROL AND I'M IN NO POSITION TO RESIST, EVEN AT FULL STRENGTH. IT'S A HARROWING STRUGGLE. I MUST SECRETLY DEVELOP AN IRON CONSTITUTION IF I AM TO THWART HER.



I DON'T ESPECIALLY CARE TO FIGURE OUT WHO SHOT ME, THOUGH THE THOUGHT THAT IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WANDA IS CERTAINLY A THRILLING FANTASY.



WOULD YOU EVER KILL ME IN THE HEAT OF PASSION?



I DOUBT IT... I DON'T EVEN LIKE TO KILL ANTS

SINCE WHEN AM I AN ANT?



WHEN I WAS A KID I ONCE CRIED FOR TWO HOURS BECAUSE MY MOTHER STEPPED ON AN ANTWILL.



MY PROFESSOR SAYS IT'S NOT LOVE IF YOU'RE NOT WILLING TO KILL FOR IT.

DOT THINKS THAT WANDA HAD A JEALOUS BOYFRIEND ON THE SIDE. WHO KNOWS? WHY WASTE TIME THINKING ABOUT IT? THIS ISN'T A MURDER MYSTERY...



HELEN- COULD YOU GO GET MR. HULLIGAN?



SO HOW ABOUT THAT? NEEDLESS TO SAY THERE WERE SEVERAL DAYS OF HAND WRINGING, AND SOME OF US HAD OUR DOUBTS, BUT WE CAME, ULTIMATELY, TO CHOOSE THE MOST FORWARD OPTION (FRANKLY, NONE OF US HAD ANYTHING BETTER TO DO THAN TO SIT AROUND UNTIL THE GOOD RAN OUT ANYWAY) AND EVENTUALLY FELL INTO THE COLLECTIVE BELIEF THAT THE STORM OF JUNE 26 HAD ACTUALLY BEEN A DISTANT VOLLEY OF EXPLOSIONS.



I ALLOW MYSELF TO READ ONLY TWO PANELS A NIGHT, VERY CLOSELY, WITH AN EYE FOR UNCANNY PARALLELS AND TRACES OF MY FATHER. LATELY I'VE BEEN THINKING MORE AND MORE ABOUT TRACKING HIM DOWN (ASSUMING HE'S MANAGED TO DODGE THE GERMS).

I KNOW A BIT ABOUT HIS CAREER BUT NOT MUCH. HE STARTED IN 1961 (?) AND DID A BUNCH OF STUFF FOR A SMALL CONNECTICUT PUBLISHER. A DETECTIVE THING, SOME HUMOR STUFF, A TEENAGER STRIP. JUST DRAWINGS, THOUGH.

AS FAR AS I CAN TELL, HE WROTE AND DREW THE YELLOW STREAK HIMSELF, AS WELL AS ALL THE OTHER FEATURES IN THE COMIC (TANGHERINE, CRATER CARTER, ETC.). I HAVE NO IDEA HOW MANY ISSUES THERE WERE BUT THE ONE I HAVE IS FROM 1962. "LOOK, BERTHIE."



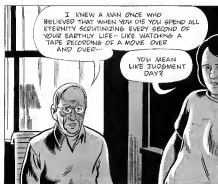
AFTER THAT, I THINK HE TRIED TO DO A DAILY STRIP, FAILED, AND RETURNED TO COMIC BOOKS UNTIL THE LATE '70s WHEN HE STOPPED SETTING WORK. HE LEFT US IN 1980.

MY MOTHER LOATHES THE VERY THOUGHT OF HIM, SO IT'S TOUGH TO GET INFORMATION OUT OF HER, AND, TO BE HONEST, UNTIL RECENTLY I WASN'T ALL THAT INTERESTED.

I HAVE A VAGUE MEMORY, AND IT MAY HAVE BEEN A DREAM, OF MY MOTHER TELLING HER LAWYER THAT MY FATHER DID SOME "OBSCENE" COMICS AT SOME POINT, BUT WHO KNOWS ABOUT THAT...











ON THIS EXACT PIER, ON AUGUST 2, 1991, MY COUSIN PAMELA, IN IMITATION OF A YOUNG ADULT NOVEL SHE HAD JUST FINISHED, DECIDED TO KISS ME, WITH TONGUE AND PASSIONATE GROPING, UNTIL THE SOUND OF MY TREMBLING KNEE MADE HER GIGGLE. WE SPENT THE REST OF THE EVENING RETRACING OUR HISTORY IN THE NEW LIGHT OF OUR SECRET MUTUAL ATTRACTION.



THE NEXT MORNING AT BREAKFAST SHE INTERTWINED HER TOES WITH ANNE UNDER THE TABLE NOT FIVE FEET FROM HER FATHER'S FIST... LATER, WE DECEIVED OUR PARENTS BY KISSING UNDERWATER IN A SERIES OF TEN-SECOND SUBMERSIONS.



THIS CONTINUED, ESCALATING TO FURTHER PARTIAL NUDITY AND WHISPERED DECLARATIONS, BUT NEVER FOR THE ENTIRE SUMMER EXCEEDING THE BOUNDS OF INNOCENCE.



THE NIGHT BEFORE OUR PARTING SHE ALLOWED ME, SIGNIFICANTLY, TO FOLLOW WITH MY HAND THE GOLDEN FUZZ AT THE SMALL OF HER BACK IN-TO HER DAMP BATHING SUIT FOR A MOMENTOUS STAY.



THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON I WATCHED HER GORRONS FACE THROUGH MY TELESCOPE AS IT DISAPPEARED OVER THE HORIZON.

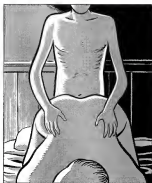


I DIDN'T SEE HER AGAIN UNTIL HER FATHER'S FUNERAL TWO YEARS LATER. SHE WAS VERY THIN (POSSIBLY BULIMIC) WITH BARISH MAKE-UP AND EYES THAT LOOKED AS THOUGH THEY HAD CRIED OVER A HUNDRED NO-GOOD BOYFRIENDS.



THERE WAS NOT THE TINIEST ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF OUR INCSTIGIOUS SUMMER; NOT SO MUCH AS AN UNCONSCIOUS SMIRK. I WAS JUST ANOTHER DULL RELATIVE IN THE SWARTHY LINE.







BY AROUND NOON THE NEXT DAY WE NOTICED THAT MRS. CAYEN WAS MISSING--



AUGUST AND HULLIGAN WENT OUT TO LOOK AROUND BUT THERE WAS NO SIGN OF A BODY. HAD I FALLEN ASLEEP BEFORE SHE LEFT THE ROOM? I CAN'T REMEMBER. HAD I DRIVEN HER TO SUICIDE? AM I THE MONSTER IN MY OWN HORROR STORY?





THERE IT WAS! THE LONG-ANTICIPATED OPENING SALVO IN HER CAMPAIGN TO GET ME BACK INTO THE FAMILY HOME (SURELY UNFORGETTABLE HAD BEEN SPARED BY THE TERRORISTS!). LUCKILY, A SPONTANEOUS HEADACHE ALLOWED ME TO WITHDRAW BEFORE THE FOLLOW-THROUGH.



THINK! I HAD FORGOTTEN THE SERIE CALLOUSNESS THAT CAME TO HER IN TIMES OF DISTRESS. ALL SUFFERERS WERE BOUTLIED WITH QUANTY DIMINUTIVENESS AS THOUGH, BY CONTRAST, HER SOLITARY, SEXLESS ADULTHOOD WAS THE ONLY VALID TRAGEDY.



EVEN NOW I FEEL AS THOUGH I BARELY KNOW MY MOTHER. SHE HAS AN INSCRUTABLE VAGUENESS, EQUAL PARTS MASCULINE AND FEMININE, THAT CAN ONLY BE DEFINED IN THE NEGATIVE (THROUGH, FOR EXAMPLE, HER PROFOUND DISINTEREST IN ALL HUMAN ACTIVITY)...



THOUGH MY FATHER IS NEVER MENTIONED, IT IS CLEAR THAT HE EXISTS, LIVING A FULL AND SEPARATE DUAL LIFE, IN SOME DARK CELL OF HER UNCONSCIOUS.





THE IMMEDIATE THOUGHT WAS TOO DREADFUL TO ARTICULATE: AUGUST HAD BEEN RIGHT AND, FOR ALL WE KNEW, HORRIFIC MICROBES WERE RIGHT NOW INVADING OUR EVERY PORE.

















! 508 !





ONE BEAT AFTER THE MOMENT OF RECOGNITION A SINGLE TRUMPET BLARE ANNOUNCES THE GRAVITY OF THIS DISCOVERY; THEN, A SUSPENDED SPELL OF UNEARTHLY QUIET, FROM WHICH EMERGES A FAMILIAR TIMPANI HEARTBEAT...



I COULD NOT HEAR MY OWN INSUFFICIENT RESPONSE ABOVE THE ROAR OF TEARING NEWSPRINT: INNOCENT COLOR-DOTS, AS HARMONIOUS AS MAGNIFIED MOLECULES, ARE DIVIDED BEFORE ME WITH GRISLY RELISH.



HERETOFORE UNSPOKEN WORDS ARE EXCHANGED AT A CLIP SO RAPID AS TO DEFY MEMORY AND COMPREHENSION. SUDDENLY, FOR THE DURATION OF ONE PARTICULAR LINE, THERE IS A TEMPO SHIFT, AS THOUGH FROM FAST-FORWARD TO MACABRE, HYPER-VIVID SLOW-MOTION.



NOW MORE THAN EVER I MUST STRAIN TO WRING MEANING FROM THESE DISSOCIATED FRAMES.



MY FATHER'S "DISSENE" COMIC. SURELY SHE HAD BEEN TALKING ABOUT THIS ISSUE.



MEAGER DETAILS FOLLOW, ONLY HALF-HEARD (X YEARS AGO, GOT A LETTER FROM HIS LAWYER, BURNED THE LETTER, DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE SO INTERESTED).



OH GOD, I HAVE NO ONE. EVEN MY OWN MOTHER HATES ME - I'M ALL ALONE.





SO A FIGHT BREAKS OUT. WHO STARTED IT? I DON'T SUPPOSE IT MATTERS. ANY STANDARD TACTIC OF FEIGNED VIOLENT ABANDON IS NOT EFFECTIVE AND I SUSPECT THAT MANERED. IF HE HAS ANY SMARTS AT ALL, WILL BEAT ME TO DEATH.





MY PLAN IS NOT YET FULLY DEVELOPED, BUT HERE IS THE BASIC IDEA: I WILL SIT QUIETLY FOR A FEW HOURS, POSSIBLY TAKING A SHORT NAP, UNTIL THE OTHER THREE ARE ASLEEP, AT WHICH POINT I WILL TIP-TOE TO THE BOAT AND ESCAPE.



I HAVEN'T DECIDED WHAT TO DO ABOUT MY MOTHER. I CAN'T JUST ABANDON HER, CAN I? WHAT CAN I DO? NO ONE SHOULD HAVE TO MAKE SUCH A DECISION...



OUR STORY, AS YOU CAN SEE, HAS TAKEN A TURN TOWARD VIOLENCE AND SUSPENSE AND I MUST, AS PROTAGONIST, SUMMON THE COURAGE TO ACT.





IN ONLY 59 DAYS ON THE ISLAND WE HAD VIOLATED EVERY SOCIAL CONVENTION SHORT OF CANNIBALISM; AND NOW, MOST EGREGIOUS OF ALL, A MOTHER HAD FORSAKEN HER OWN CHILD.



OR AM I WRONG? IT'S POSSIBLE (PROBABLY, EVEN) THAT MANFRED HAS DONE OFF ALONE... OR, EVEN MORE SO, THAT VULLIGAN HAS GONE, BRAVING THE INFECTED MAINLAND, IN SEARCH OF SUPPLIES.





PREVIOUSLY

OUR YOUNG NARRATOR, AFTER INTRODUCING US TO HIS ROOMMATE DOT, IS VISITED BY A CHILDHOOD FRIEND, WHITEY, WHO IS QUICKLY KILLED OFF. ON THE WAY TO THE FUNERAL HE FALLS FOR A COLLEGE STUDENT, WANDA. AFTER DATING HIM FOR CLOSE TO 7 WEEKS, SHE DISAPPEARS. SHORTLY THEREAFTER, HE IS SHOT IN THE HEAD. ALONG THE WAY SEVERAL FACTS ARE REVEALED THAT WOULD PROBABLY ENHANCE YOUR ENJOYMENT OF THE CURRENT ISSUE.

INDICIA

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THE AGONY COLUMN

PAGE 26 (ISSUE # 25) IS ONE OF THE MOST HORRIFIC / POIGNANT PAGES IN THE HISTORY OF COMICS. MY HANDS FELT THE COLLARS AND TINY HAIRS ON THE FEMALE'S REAR PARTS, TORTURES OF SILE AND VOMIT CLIMBED NORTHWARD, AND SWEAT DROPLETS BEGAN TO ACCUMULATE IN VARIOUS CREVICES AS I READ THAT PAGE...

ERIC WHITE
SAN FRANCISCO, CA.

I'M INTIGUED BY THIS FRAIL YOUNG MAN, AND WITH THE BABE HE KNOWS FOR A WHILE, WITH HER LOVELY FACE AND WELL-DEVELOPED BUMP. I LIKE BABES TO HAVE WELL DEVELOPED, BEAM-FRAY BULGING BUTT-TOES. I WAS ALWAYS DEFICIENT AT TAKING PART IN THE INTERPLAY THAT MUST PRECEED BEFORE A MAN CAN FUCK A WOMAN. A LOT OF THAT IS DUE TO AN ACTUAL TERROR OF DESIRABLE WOMEN,

(UNIT) WHICH DAVID BOWEN DOESN'T SHOW.
B.M. DUNCAN
BERKELEY, CA.

THANK YOU FOR DOING WHAT YOU DO. DOES FAME EVERILL "SELF-ACTUALIZATION" ACCORDING TO MASLOW'S HIERARCHY OF NEEDS?
CHRISTIAN SCHAEFER
VICTORIA, B.C.

EIGHTBALL CHALLENGES ANTI-RECEPTIONAL HOMOSEXUAL AROUSAL PATTERNS AND PROVIDES METABOLIC SYMPTOMS I WISH TO DISAPPEAR IN FAVOR OF SHAVING MY BALLS (AGAIN).
RAY JOHNSON
SCOTTSDALE, AZ.

I WAS GOING TO COMMIT SUICIDE, BUT I DECIDED TO WAIT SO I CAN SEE WHAT HAPPENS.
BRITT SORENSON
ALUSTON, MA.

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